

11-19-1937

Hollins Student Life (1937 Nov 19)

Hollins College

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Hollins College, "Hollins Student Life (1937 Nov 19)" (1937). *Hollins Student Newspapers*. 111.
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Bruce Simonds Will Give Performance on November 29

Yale Music Professor to be On Campus Two Days

TWO RECITALS TO BE PLAYED

Bruce Simonds, well-known pianist and teacher will play in the Little Theatre, Monday, November 29, at 8:30 P.M.

Mr. Simonds, a native of Connecticut, was educated at Yale, where he received his B.A. and his Bachelor of Music. He also won the Ditson Scholarship to study abroad. While abroad he was a student of Vincent D'Indy, a star pupil of Cesar Franck. Besides other qualities, he has a remarkable memory aided by technical proficiency and complete understanding of the structure, and meaning of the composition.

He has done a little composing, but has devoted the majority of his time to teaching at the Yale School of Music. He teaches Musical History and Analysis. Bruce Simonds often plays in public as a soloist and an ensemble performer. He is now on a concert tour, in an effort to further music appreciation on college campuses.

Although his recital on Monday night will be formal there will be an informal one on the following evening in the Little Theatre. He will explain all those compositions which he plays. As yet he has no definite program for that evening, but it will probably be made up of request numbers.

The formal program is as follows:

ITALIAN CONCERTO.....*Bach*
SONATO IN D MINOR
OP. 31, No. 2.....*Beethoven*
MENETRIERS ET GLANEUSES
FROM CERDANA.....*de Severac*
ONLINE.....*Ravel*
TRIANER.....*Albeniz*
BARCAROLLE.....*Chopin*
TWO ETUDES.....*Chopin*
CAPRICCIO.....*Dohnanyi*

Odd-Even Game Will Climax Hockey Season

The Odd Even Hockey game will be played this year on Wednesday, November 24, at 3:30 o'clock. This is the climax of the hockey season, the annual championship battle between teams picked from the best and most experienced players of the student body, and will be an exhibition of some excellent hockey.

The banquet will be held at 6:30 with Miss Eleanor Cadbury, a graduate of the class of 1934, as toastmistress. Miss Cadbury is from Germantown, Pennsylvania. At Hollins she was for four years on the varsity hockey team and was chosen on the All-State team. She is a hockey player of note and well qualified to preside over such an occasion.

Another feature of the banquet will be the awards for athletic achievement to be presented by Landis Winston, president of the Athletic Association. Chevrons, monograms and possibly a gold pin will be awarded.

Finally, Miss Dorothy White will announce the mythical varsity eleven. Though this team never plays, it is the highest honor of the hockey season to be given a position on it. The varsity players are chosen by the coach, Miss Chevrax, the captains of the class teams, the captains of the Odd team, and the captain of the Even team. These players will be chosen on the basis of their play in the interclass games and the Odd-Even battle.

Lending Library of Latest Books Organized Here

SMALL FEE WILL BE CHARGED TO READERS

With the leadership of Miss Doerr, head librarian, a new circulating library has recently been founded in connection with the college library. The purpose of this rental library is to supply a need for many of the new books for which the regular college library fund does not provide.

As a first purchase, the committee has selected eighteen books which are now being kept on a special shelf just to the right of the front entrance of the building. As these are read, the committee hopes to increase the number of titles so that any prospective reader will be interested no matter what her particular hobbies may be.

Jane Hildreth heads this student committee, which includes Anne Brinkley, Margaret Jones, Ruth Rhoades and Katie Whitehead.

This plan for circulating the newest books at Hollins is a substitute for the Book Club, which was not successful this year. As it is merely an experiment, and the first of its kind, it is hoped that it will be well supported by the many people on the campus who not only should read more, but who enjoy it as well.

The rate is two cents a day for all books, with a minimum of five cents, and there is no time limit imposed on the rental period.

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Jo-Jo, Campus Pet, Dies of Strychnine Poisoning

Jo-Jo is dead. The little black cocker spaniel belonging to Mr. and Mrs. John Canaday of the Hollins art department died Sunday, November 7, of strychnine poisoning. Where he got it, no one knows.

Joe came to the Canadays as a wedding present from Mrs. Canaday's sister in January, 1936. He was so small that Mr. Canaday could carry him in his coat pocket with ease, and in his first days with his new master and mistress, attended a rehearsal of a faculty play and a concert both in the safety of his master's pocket.

When the Canadays came to Hollins in the fall of 1936 Joe immediately became a campus character. He was always at Mr. Canaday's heels or keeping his lonely vigil outside the dining room. Students and faculty both loved him and were flattered by the attentions he chose to bestow upon them.

In the summer of 1936, he made a trip to California with the Canadays. He enjoyed traveling immensely and his black nose was definitely out of joint when master and mistress departed for Europe last summer and left him at Hollins. He spent the summer with Mrs. Reeves and Miss Vickery and to show he never forgot his friends, spent much of his time this fall in the publicity office, even after his master and mistress returned.

They buried Jo-Jo the Sunday afternoon of his death on the hill by Patterson's in a tiny grave under a cluster of honeysuckle blossoms.

John Roberts, Hollins Night Watchman, Passes Away

HAD HELD SAME POSITION FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

John Staples Roberts, for thirty-five years night watchman at Hollins, died at his home Thursday, November 11, of angina. He was sixty-two years old. Mr. Roberts came to work Wednesday night but at about one o'clock complained of feeling badly and went home. He passed away at three in the morning.

Mr. Roberts was born near Hollins on December 9, 1875. From his early childhood he had known Hollins and been connected with the college. His first task was to bring the produce from his father's farm to the college dining room which was located at that time in what is now Keller. He grew up with Hollins and Hollins people, so that the college became a part of him and he a very important part of Hollins. As a child he came to know all the Hollins people and he was always very proud of his associations with them. In 1902 he became night watchman which position he held until his death.

The funeral service was held Saturday, November 13, at three o'clock in the afternoon from Enon Baptist Church of which he was a member. Dr. George Braxton Taylor, chaplain emeritus of Hollins College and pastor of the church, conducted the service.

Mr. Roberts is survived by four children: Walter, Percy, Irene, and Dorothy, and a niece, Kathryn Obenchain.

Medieval Art is Subject of Convocation Lecture

In an illustrated lecture given in Convocation on Thursday, November 18th, Mr. John E. Canaday, assistant professor in the Fine Arts Department of the College, discussed Medieval Art, placing particular emphasis on the Medieval sculpture as found in the great French cathedrals, such as those at Chartres and Omeieres, and in the Louvre.

The new slides used, valuable additions to the collection owned by the Art Department, were secured in Europe this summer from the *Archives Photographiques*, the official photography bureau of the government of France. These slides from which Mr. Canaday chose about forty are very interesting and are particularly good in their clarity of detail which shows the texture and the fineness of technique.

Mr. Canaday, because of limited time did not attempt to give a detailed history of Medieval art, but rather presented to his audience a clear general picture of the whole period. He showed that Medieval art began as a very eager and powerful expression of the religious faith which predominated in the heart and mind of Medieval man, influencing everything he did, "and finally developed into an attractive formula of artificial, sophisticated grace towards the end of the Medieval period."

Mr. Canaday spoke also of the creative impulses behind Medieval art, showing that its source of inspiration is four-fold, for it is the mirror of faith, the mirror of nature, the mirror of history and the mirror of man. Although the Medieval artist drew heavily from these sources "he depended to an extent, as craftsmen have depended in no other age, on himself, his own inspiration and originality to achieve an art which is probably the greatest in the history of the western world."

This, as usual with Mr. Canaday's talks in Convocation, was amusing as well as informative.

"Mr. Pim Passes By" to Be Presented Saturday Night

"Hansel and Gretel" Plays Before Capacity Audience

CLARE TREE MAJOR GROUP GIVES TWO HOLLINS PERFORMANCES

Hansel and Gretel, the fairy tale that has thrilled millions of children the world over in story, play, and opera, was presented in the Little Theatre Wednesday, November 17 by the Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre. The group gave two performances at Hollins, one for the school children in the morning and another for the Hollins people in the evening. The morning performance was attended by an audience of nearly a thousand children that filled the Little Theatre to overflowing.

As the lights dimmed and the audience quieted down, two soldiers dressed in bright red coats appeared before the curtain, beat a call upon their drums and announced the play. They had some difficulty in getting by each other and off the stage but finally, with true ingenuity, they bowed themselves off and the play began.

The curtain rose on the woodland cottage of Hansel and Gretel. From the entrance of Shaggy, the bear, at the beginning of the scene, to the departure of the children for the forest as the curtain fell, the audience sat entranced by the story. The antics of Shaggy in trying to find something to eat in the cottage and the struggles of Gretel attempting to teach Hansel to dance brought roars of approval from the children.

The second act showed the witch's cottage of cake and candy with two peppermint figures before it. The old witch with her tall, pointed hat and magic stick was terrible to behold, striking fear into the heart of even the bravest onlooker. With much help and advice from the audience, Hansel and Gretel outwitted the witch, burned her in her own oven, and saved the prince and princess of the kingdom who had been changed to candy by the wicked old woman. The play ended with Gretel and the princess dancing to the music of *Continued Page 2—Column 3*

Art Exhibit to Feature Water Colors of Lutz

The art exhibit showing in the Y. W. C. A. room from the 15th until the 22nd of November is a collection of original water colors by William S. Lutz. The work of this young American is marked by great technical serenity and facility in handling water color.

From November 22nd until December 17th there will be an exhibition of fifteen color reproductions of Italian Renaissance portraits. The works represented will cover a period from early Florentine portraits up until the Venetian Renaissance, the latest painter being Titian. Other painters to be represented are: Piero della Francesca, Bronzino, Poincico Venegiano, Leonardo da Vinci, and Bastiano Moinardi.

The results of the votes cast on the Albertina prints were as follows, in the order of their popularity: Rubens: *Portrait of His Son at the Age of Two*; Chardin: *Woman Reading with Child*; Dunner: *View of Innsbruck*; Rubens: *A Court Lady of the Infanta Isabella*; Renoix: *Landscape*; and Canaletto: *View of the Canal at Murano*.

In addition to these the school will buy Rembrandt's *Stormy Landscape* and Guy's *A Dancer*.

Comedy By A. A. Milne is Fall Dramatic Effort

CURTAIN WILL BE AT 8:30

Mr. Pim Passes By, by A. A. Milne, will be presented in the Little Theatre Saturday, November 20, at 8:30 P.M. The play is the annual presentation of the dramatic association.

The first scene is laid in the drawing room of George and Olivia Marden's home. As the curtain rises we find the two deeply concerned with their niece, Dinah, who is in love with Brian Strong, an artist. George is opposed to the marriage for several reasons, the chief one being that Dinah's suitor lacks adequate income with which to support his niece. Dinah appeals to Olivia for help in winning the favor of George. Amid the excitement, a passer-by, Mr. Pim, drops in to see George on business. In a conversation which Dinah has with Mr. Pim, she tells him of her secret engagement and mentions that Olivia has been married before to a Mr. Teleworthy who died in Australia. Mr. Pim then takes matters in his own hands quite unintentionally and throws a bombshell into the already disrupted household by calmly telling Olivia and George that he met a Mr. Teleworthy from Australia on the boat. Faced with the possibility that her former husband is alive, Olivia and George turn to Mr. Pim again for the solution. Just how all this is worked out forms the climax of the fall play. *Mr. Pim Passes By* is one of the funniest, most original plays presented here in sometime.

Senior Forum Discusses Endowment and Publicity

The second senior forum of the year was held Tuesday, November 16 in the drawing room with Martha Pearce, class president, presiding. Marjorie Livingston, chairman of the campus endowment committee, spoke briefly on the aims and history of the endowment fund. She outlined also the plans of the committee for this year. Mrs. Reeves then told the seniors something of the work and purpose of the Hollins publicity or more correctly, "public relations" office.

The student endowment committee, Miss Livingston explained, is composed of a chairman from the senior class and a representative from each of the other classes. The campus committee this year is sponsoring a Hollins day at Heironimus, a carnival, and possibly a picnic in the Forest of Arden. The seniors also leave a gift to the endowment fund. The class this year is selling food in Keller to raise money. They also plan to sell Christmas cards, address books, and to give a bridge party. The party will be held in Keller Tuesday, November 23, at 4:30.

In her talk on publicity, Mrs. Reeves explained the reasons for the establishment of the publicity department and the benefit which Hollins may obtain from the right kind of publicity. She pointed out that this movement for publicity was a part of a larger movement of all the American colleges in answer to the public's demand to know what college people were doing. Secondly, since all colleges large and small, unless they are state supported, depend upon the general public for support, it is necessary for the

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Hollins Student Life

Published fortnightly during the college year
by a staff composed entirely of students

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1937 Member 1938
Associated Collegiate Press

Distributor of
Collegiate Digest

The editorial staff wishes to draw attention to the fact that: (1) Only signed articles will be published in the Forum, although the name of the writer will be known only to the editors and will not be published; (2) the staff reserves the right to withhold from publication any article which it deems unsuitable for publication and (3) the staff does not assume responsibility for opinions expressed in Forum articles.

MR. ROBERTS

In the hurry and bustle of our modern world, we are all too inclined to overlook those who do the little things for us, those little things that make our world go round and make our life so much easier. Mr. Roberts' job was not large. It was, nevertheless, very important. While all of us slept, he made his rounds night after night. Most of us never knew exactly what he did. Some of us never saw him at work. Few of us really appreciated the service and contribution he made to Hollins.

We can't all do the big things. We can't all be leaders, the sort of person everyone looks up to and admires. We can, no matter how small our job in life, do it efficiently and well. Mr. Roberts did just that. For thirty-five years he was night watchman at Hollins. He was always on the job, always cheerful, always ready and willing to do his part to help Hollins. He never got any thanks for what he did. No one told him when he came off duty early in the morning that he had done a good job. His work for the most part passed unnoticed and unsung.

Mr. Roberts grew up with the college. Born near Hollins, he gave his entire life to the service of Hollins College. His job may have seemed small and unimportant but the spirit in which he did his job made even this small task great.

Now that he is gone, we realize how much he meant to Hollins. By his unflinching love and loyalty to the college he has set us an example by which we can all profit. He has shown us not by what he said or wrote but by what he was himself, the beauty of service for others. He did his job well, always giving the best he had to Hollins. In this did Mr. Roberts find true greatness.

BOOKS FOR THAT ROOM OF ONE'S OWN

When Prospero's brother, with the aid of the King of Naples, banished him, along with Miranda, a child of three, a noble Neapolitan out of his charity furnished Prospero with "linens, stuffs, and necessities," and also with volumes from Prospero's own library which he, when Duke of Milan, had prized above his dukedom. Those books, and Miranda, were his bliss in his years of solitude there on that little island "ten leagues beyond man's life."

The titles of those books Shakespeare wisely omitted, knowing that such a library is a personal matter. But like Prospero, Shakespeare had experienced what Walter de la Mare calls "poor mortal longings," and had discovered, too, that our most cherished books are a refuge and a revelation, as well as a heritage binding our age with our youth. Though they cannot supersede life, they can light up our journey, revealing and interpreting and extending life in all our relationships with it.

The typical American home is "full of a number of things," but not books. The average American, a recent investigation shows, buys just two books a year; and last year, of course, one of those was *Gone With the Wind*. The American people, in fact, every three or four weeks spend as much on motion-picture admissions as they spend on books in an entire twelve months. The booklessness of American homes Prospero, we feel sure, would deem a "thing of darkness" more disturbing than Caliban.

Congestion is one of the blatant faults of modern education, especially in this country. College students find it no longer easy to cultivate a reading habit, that which induces one to read for the sake of reading, independent of other considerations. They, too, find their lives "full of a number of things."

Fortunately, though, there are always some in every student body who manage somehow to find time to read and even collect good books, who can say, in all sincerity with Chaucer, "On books for to rede I me delite." Before they leave college, they have come to realize that from one point of view, as Carlyle said, "the true university is a collection of books," and that the primary function of all teaching is to help students master the art of reading.

MUSIC NOTES

The Music Association held its first meeting of the year on Friday night, November 12. Frances Sydnor told the members of the proposition to sell about two hundred Hollins song books. They will be sold for a very reasonable price, so that she is hoping that everybody will want one. Mr. Goodale spoke to the Association of Bruce Simonds, who will play here November 29.

Music never will stand alone. The sisterhood of the arts is indivisible. Consequently, any such cultural upsurge as is reported in a survey sponsored by Columbia University, even though it pertains to drama, marionettes, folk-dancing, painting, writing and handicraft quite as much as to the tonal art, must be heartening to all those who are awaiting a better day for music. The special and significant thing about this survey, which was directed by Miss Marjorie Patten, former research assistant on adult education at Teacher's College, is that it pertains to rural America. It was organized by the Rural Arts Program of the United States Agricultural Extension Service and financed by the General Education Board. Investigations were carried on in eight representative states.

Grand opera in Iowa, Gilbert and Sullivan in Illinois, the Caroline Valley Festival in Colorado and folk drama in the Carolinas are but some of the typical manifestations instanced, along with the nationally known Little County Theatre at Fargo, N. D.

The report shows that the largest percentage of rural dramatic leaders are in truth housewives; which, after all, is in conformity with what is true of rural musical leadership throughout the country. Nor is it surprising to note that more than half of these leaders had formerly been teachers or that most of them were more than forty years of age. Among other details, it is to be found that playwrighting has become an avocation among farmers and their wives. If playwrighting, why not libretto-writing? What a blessing if, here and there, some one pens a really viable opus book!

—Musical America.

"Hansel and Gretel" Plays Before Capacity Audience

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Hansel's pipe. And they all lived happily ever after.

The actors presented the story with an insight and understanding of what children enjoy. There was just enough humor, sadness, and excitement to satisfy the young audience and make them live the story with the characters. So successful was the group in this first performance at Hollins, they are planning to return on February 4 and present another play, *Little Men*.

To stimulate this all important interest in reading and book collecting, a Hollins alumna, herself a book-lover and collector of note, Mrs. Clem D. Johnston, is offering for the third successive year a prize of fifty dollars to the student who during her term at college has formed the best collection of books, and has given evidence, by her discriminating selection and care of her books, of her realization of the joy known to bibliophiles and lovers of great literature.

Mrs. Johnston's is a fine idea and can be made of lasting benefit and delight to successive classes of Hollins girls who in the formative college years learn the joy of having a library of well selected books in a room of one's own. Last year, unfortunately, Mrs. Johnston felt, and rightly so, that the students, the faculty and the administration seemed not especially interested in her venture. This year, as a result, the prize will not be awarded unless at least five girls enter the contest. At Swarthmore and at Haverford, A. Edward Newton and Logan Pearsall Smith, both bibliophiles like Mrs. Johnston, have endowed such a prize. Each year at both colleges there is keen competition for this highly esteemed award. All lovers of good books at Hollins and all interested in the intellectual life of the campus hope that Mrs. Johnston's splendid prize will be awarded this year and will become an annual event on the Hollins calendar.

—F. L. Janney.

Students to Preside Over Chapel Services

This year, in order to give the student body a greater part in the chapel services, the devotional committee of the Y. W. C. A. will select one of the students to preside over the service once a week. The first of these was conducted by Lacy Darter, who took "True Worship" as her theme.

Thursday evening, November 11, the Armistice Day service was under the auspices of the International Relations Club. With a background of candlelight and special music by the choir, Mildred Emory, president of I. R. C., spoke commemorating the close of the World War and to "honor the men of all nations who died in the faith that their sacrifice would bring peace to the world." Her main theme, however, was the idealistic approach to international cooperation. She showed how the peace idea has developed through the ages from non-existence in primitive times to the most widespread waging of peace ever known in the modern world. Any great movement, she said, attains its good by the faith, the perseverance and the active leadership of a few believers. Thus the individual's first step, she pointed out, is to incorporate a positive attitude towards peace in daily living. It will never come unless its supporters believe in it.

Miss Lucinda Terry Was Guest Speaker at I. R. C.

Miss Lucinda Terry of Roanoke, delegate to the International Conference of the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom held in Czechoslovakia this summer, was guest speaker at the regular meeting of the International Relations Club November 14.

After relating several experiences full of local color of Czechoslovakia, Miss Terry proceeded to tell of the main business of the conference which was the working out of a program for "A New International Order" in which war would be excluded as an instrument of policy.

The work of the W. I. L. M. Miss Terry explained, is carried on in foreign nations in much the same way that it is done here—through influencing legislation for peace, and supporting a constructive movement in that direction. The difficulty of accomplishing a great deal in as short a time as the conference lasted, Miss Terry felt, was heightened by the necessity of translating everything which was said into three different languages. She said, however, that the greatest benefit of such a conference is the contacts one makes with the other delegates. More than anything else this contributes toward international goodwill.

On December 5th, Dr. Edmund J. Lee of Chatham Hall, for twenty-five years a missionary in China, is expected to talk to the Club about the Oriental situation. This will also be an open meeting.

Why Don't You Read?

AND SO—VICTORIA—Vaughn Wilkins.
The Macmillan Company.

This is an historical novel of the disloyalties and intrigues of the period before Victoria became Queen of England and Empress of India. It weaves into one the stories of the Dukes, various brothers of William IV, and the fictional characters of the book, Christopher Hansen, unacknowledged grandson of George IV, pretty little Deborah, the waif who becomes a famous singer, Lord Setoun and the lovely Charlotte. The whole is glamorous and entertaining, but, as Iris Barry says in a review in the *Tribune*, "there is more than dexterity and entertainment here: a solidity and vigor about the material itself, a sincerity of approach to the historical sub-structure, and a passionate hatred of corruptions and cruelty which somehow combine to remind one agreeably of *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Harnaby Rudge*." Needless to add, this book is widely popular.

PLAYERS AT WORK—Morton Eustis.

Theater Arts, Inc.

Here is a small book containing a lot of interesting and valuable information. The subtitle, *Acting According to the Actor*, adequately describes its content. Its method is a report by the author of discussions with the best present day actors of the way they prepare for a part, the moves they make in getting ready to do the part. The words of such authorities as Helen Hayes, Katherine Cornell, the Lunts and Burgess Meredith should surely be valuable to laymen in matters of the stage as well as budding geniuses at acting.

KATRINA—Sally Salminen.
Farrar & Rinehart.

A story of the life in the Aland Islands, of Finland where in the 20th century people are enduring such fierce physical hardships as American pioneers in the 18th. Only a rare combination of courage such as Katrina had, can withstand the force of them. Yet Miss Salminen, "with a mind as alive and vibrant as that which shows through Sibelius' music," writes about elemental ways with a kind of epic radiance that reveals so well "the beautiful relationships of simple but articulate nature."

ENGLISH PAINTING—R. H. Wilenski.

Hale, Cushman and Flint.

Mr. Wilenski has, from his usual independent viewpoint, written a book which admirably combines the history of English paintings, including pictures of social life and sports as well as portraits and landscapes, with a critical analysis of its characteristics. Nor is the book merely factual, erudite and informative though it is. Mr. Wilenski by his presentation of ideas stimulates the reader to thought as independent as his own.

THE CITADEL—A. J. Cronin.
Little, Brown & Company.

This book has raised so much controversy in England, not as a literary work but as a revelation of the potential, too often actual, charlatanism and dishonesty of the medical profession. Its hero, Andrew Manson, in struggling towards "the citadel," the fastness of his own integrity, lives for the most part by his ideal, never take anything for granted. Yet he, too, falls for a time into the less admirable practices of his profession. Here his wife comes to his support, holding on faithfully to that which is best in him. And it is this, the real human love story of two, who with steel in their spines and courage in their hearts, cling to each other through the years, that makes the book a best-seller.

MEMOIRS OF A WORLD WAR REFUGEE

On his return to this country from Germany in 1914, Mr. Rath wrote the following letter to the relatives he left in the Fatherland. Due to postal irregularities, however, it was never mailed. Until just recently it was believed to be lost, but was found this summer among some old letters. As it was written in such a critical time, in the very midst of the confusion at the beginning of the war, it presents a vivid first-hand picture of the experiences of a war refugee.

My dear ones in the old home:

My summer journey to my dear mother started and continued with complete satisfaction and with all the loyal love and affection for persons and places dear to me ever since my childhood. Who could have imagined that it would end in distress and excitement? After I had been compelled to give up plans for the rest of my trip, my departure from the homeland was sudden and flightlike. Already my visit in Hanover had been shortened by one day on account of the threatening situation. During the train ride to Essen, I was impressed with evidences that the great German war machine was moving, slowly but with disciplined precision. Railroads and bridges were guarded by armed soldiers; all stations were packed with reservists and older soldiers with serious, confident faces. There were touching scenes of farewell from wives, children, parents, and again loud enthusiasm everywhere.

On August 1, I reached Essen. The joy of the reunion with my brother and his family was ominously overshadowed by the threatening danger of war, increasing hour by hour. Then we heard of the order for general mobilization, the meaning of which was to me personally that I had to leave Germany within two days, that after this time all time tables were to be cancelled, and that the railroad would act as military transports of troops and war materials only. The day following was Sunday, which was declared a week day; banks and places of business kept open, and only the deep, solemn sound of church bells reminded the citizens of Essen that it was the Lord's Day and that divine service would take place as usual. I followed the urge for meditation and prayer and attended a service. In his sermon the minister preached on the text: "Thy Kingdom come." He cited quotations from great German poets and thinkers about duty to fatherland, about devotion and loyalty. At the end of the service, holy communion was celebrated, in which all professing Christians were invited to take part. I looked at the sad but determined faces of the congregation and thought of similar services in other countries wherever the quickening developments of a great catastrophe were being felt. This particular service at this particular time I shall never forget: it was a new, and let us hope, the only experience of this kind. This was my last day in Germany, for the next morning I said farewell to my dear folks and left Essen for uncertainty.

One piece of good luck on this trip was receiving the suggestion to exchange one of my United States traveling checks for Dutch money, which proved to be of great advantage to me. As I looked into the steadfast faces of older reservists rushing to the front, somehow the wish flitted into my mind to be young once more, to join them, and to battle for "German ideals." But it was a dream only, for I quickly became conscious of my goal in my adopted country beyond the sea and of my immediate problems toward that end. My nervous excitement during this trip toward the Dutch frontier was further heightened by the lively conversation of my fellow passengers, for the war fever was spreading like a contagious disease. The Dutch frontier was said to be guarded by 100,000 men, railway tracks were torn up, a deep trench had been dug with nets of wire fencing, steamship companies had cancelled their schedules, etc., etc. At every station, spic and span soldiers of the standing army looked into windows asking polite questions and getting satisfactory answers.

Finally the station Goch, the destination of my ticket, was reached, but noticing that nobody left the train, I quickly decided to continue to the next station, Olve, and sure enough a number of unmistakable war refugees disembarked there and I with them. After inspection of baggage, an electric car took us to the Dutch frontier. Before leaving German soil, another inspection of luggage and persons took place and an awfully strict one at that. The official on duty wanted to look at everything. It was a peculiar sensation to look through my scrapbook containing pictures of dear ones on both sides of the ocean with a secret service man. Thanks to my good conscience I forgot for a few moments all about the troublesome present and rather enjoyed looking through the book with this stranger, telling him about things in which he could not possibly be interested! From this heart-warming touch in an unusual situation, I was hurled back into the consciousness of reality by the question, "I want to see your pass." I had none; I never had seen the need of it during previous trips abroad with my American-born family. In this critical moment my lucky star came to my rescue. In the year 1912 I was made an American citizen. The clerk of the United States court had sent my papers in with such a "chummy" note on his official stationery that I had decided to take it with me this year as an example of American democratic officialdom to show to my more formal German friends. The letter showed the number of my citizen papers and that ended all possible embarrassment. Finally we passed a stately German "gendarme" on horseback and then we were in Holland, reaching Nymwegen by coach.

The last train for Rotterdam had left and we had to spend the night in this Dutch town, having ample opportunity to become acquainted with fellow war refugees. A rich business man from Philadelphia found himself very poor indeed since he had no Dutch coins and since panic stricken waiters would accept no other money, not even Dutch paper money. In this situation I found myself in a position to give a millionaire one of my precious Dutch gold pieces. It was a present, for he was in such a state of extreme embarrassment—such a state of extreme nervousness that he forgot my name and address. Later the headwaiter of the hotel advanced him additional funds which he will receive back again with rich dividends, I hope!

It was only natural under these circumstances that I spent a restless night, not to mention serenades by mosquitoes and the tinkling of little church bells every quarter of an hour. The next morning we took the first train in the direction of Rotterdam. Again soldiers, Dutch this time with good, open faces, with the general mood of the passengers more calm than on the German side of the frontier. A party of young English women even told jokes and had a good time. During this journey I got personally acquainted with a young physician from Kentucky; we made common cause and even discussed ways and means in case we should be detained in Holland for any length of time. Symptoms of war fever became evident again as we reached our goal, Rotterdam. Excited groups everywhere, sensational news from the front, continuous extras by the newspapers, wild rumors that German troops had violated the Dutch frontier and that Holland would be forced to

enter the war, "news" that the German army in Belgium had been put to flight in wild disorder, losing 25,000 men, etc. It was enough to lose one's mind in this battle between truth and fiction. In calmer moments we watched the Hollanders individually and discussed the war situation here and there as "Americans." In accordance with the racial characteristics of these low-German people, we found their attitude composed, unconcerned, absolutely neutral, though somewhat sympathetic toward the German side.

Our departure was to take place August 8. During the remaining days we had more time than money to spend; payments on traveling checks had ceased and I had to economize with my small amount of Dutch money. There was no inclination to enjoy the sights and entertainments of this interesting Dutch city. Our time was spent in walking the streets, reading the latest news, buying inexpensive articles in order to get hard cash in exchange for suspicious paper money. The focus of our interest, however, was concentrated on the Holland-America Steamship line, which we visited twice every day. Does smoke come out of the big funnels of the S. S. *Nieuw Amsterdam*? What information can we gather today? It was like watching the stock quotations go up or down. There was uncertainty about the departure of our ship, which depended upon the "political situation." Where was my trunk which I had sent by express from Germany to the ship? It was not there, and I was told (what a consolation!) that nothing came through from Germany any more. I replied: "Drat the trunk! If you will just get me out of Europe." My war refugee friend from Kentucky had engaged first cabin passage on the Bremen Lloyd liner. Now he could barely manage to secure a ticket in the steerage of the *Nieuw Amsterdam*, such was the rush of crowds of people anxious to get away, regardless of previous plans and arrangements. I was lucky again. I had sailed from the United States on the Hamburg liner *Vaterland*. (Editor's note: After its next trip to the United States, it never sailed again under the German flag. It became the S. S. *Leviathan* in possession of the United States.) I liked the smooth passage on that great steamer so much that I was greatly tempted to engage return passage on it. But I decided to follow my original itinerary, as you know, winding up my visit to the Fatherland in the Rhineland with the result that I had a ticket for the Dutch steamer in my pocket.

I must mention here an episode before I left Holland which was in those days like a gulf stream in the cold current of reality. In my distress over the developments in Europe, and with reduced means of support and the uncertainty of getting away, I wrote to a Dutch gentleman, a newspaper man, who in search of suitable colonizing opportunities for his countrymen in the United States had been our very interesting guest at Hollins College, where he had been treated to American hospitality. I explained my situation to him; would it be possible for me to spend a time with him until I could make my escape? By return mail I heard from him, "Yes, do come and stay as long as you like, and I will charge you the same kind of a bill as you handed me at Hollins!" A sunbeam on a cloudy day! I never saw him again; fortunately it was not necessary at this time.

Events in these first August days had developed so rapidly that there were no more means to keep in contact with my family in Virginia. The best I could do was to cable, "Don't worry." I was one of many Americans in similar circumstances. (It took five days before cables were received in the United States.) Our next visit to our steamer

proved to be the final one. We boarded it at 8:00 P. M. on August 7. Something had come through from Germany; my trunk was there, and thanks to my doctor friend's powers of persuasion in the kitchen, we had plenty of food for supper right in my cabin. What about my new friend? Time and again I had opportunity to admire the resourcefulness, the worldly cleverness, and the independence of democratic action of this young American who had traveled in Europe for the first time and who spoke no foreign language. A number of passengers did not show up at sailing time, and already on the first day this M. D. from Kentucky was comfortably settled in my cabin!

At two-thirty o'clock the next morning, I heard the deep voice of the steam whistle—we were moving at last, at last! By daylight we were in the English Channel and saw the rocks of the English coast. Then we spent another day of excitement and delay. First French destroyers, later English armed vessels stopped us, looked around us, shouted sensational rumors from the front to us, and finally allowed us to go with a parting, "Bon voyage." It was said that there was also the possibility that our steamer might be called back to the safety of the Rotterdam harbor, but like so many rumors and speculations in those days, it turned out to be untrue. We were delayed at Plymouth quite a few hours, for three hundred passengers awaited our arrival to get on the already crowded steamer. At last a sigh of relief came when the *Nieuw Amsterdam* started moving, this time for good, to ward the open sea, away from the furies of war, going west with eye and heart turned toward the new homeland with all its meaning to me. Behind me I left a bleeding Fatherland with the terrible uncertainty as to its future, such thoughts mingling with an ardent homesickness for my own American family. All around me was a dense conglomeration of humanity indulging in wild discussions and speculations about the war, a radio station from London furnishing the material. Musical entertainment kept step with this confusion of people and sentiment: the *Marseillaise*, the *Star Spangled Banner*, *Dixie*, and German *Lieder* all mixed up. In my own case, I rather felt outside of this symphony of contrasting overtones, my reasoning powers getting the better of emotional impulses. I could understand all this outburst of inner dynamics all right, but regarded it as symptoms of a spreading war fever, humanly natural, but mentally pathological. I preferred my own company with thoughts of my German mother and the reunion to come with my own family in America. I tried to turn my mind away from the theatre of war, to silence all speculation as to the outcome. I felt instinctively that something big and far-reaching had started, that some day one side or the other would win and suffer and be disillusioned together with the vanquished—in sum, that war was the worst method of settling or accomplishing anything in international relations.

With these meditations, we approached the American continent. One more reminder of war times was in store for us. One dark night a mysterious looking craft appeared, blinked signals, made us stop and turn around twice, all the while throwing white searchlights over our ship. It was a British cruiser which took all this interest in us. From that moment on it was all smooth sailing—past the Statue of Liberty, up the Hudson toward the pier of the Holland-America Line in Hoboken, New Jersey. Forgotten were all the nerve-wracking anxieties and excitement. When I think of the experiences of other travellers and war refugees, I have all reason to be sincerely thankful for my good fortune under all circumstances.

Among the titles the library has at present are: Noel Coward, *Present Indicative*; Morton Eustis, *Players at Work*; Leonard Ross, *Education of Hyman Kaplan*; Sally Salminen, *Katrina*; A. B. Stern, *Oleander River*; Ann Bridge, *Enchanter's Nightshade*; Louis Bromfield, *The Rains Came*; A. J. Cronin, *Citadel*; Clarence Day, *Life With Mother*; Jacques Duval, *Toravich*; Margaret Fishback, *One to a Customer*; Hart and Kaufman, *You Can't Take It With You*; Ernest Hemingway, *To Have and Have Not*; Michael Innes, *Hamlet, Revenge*; Kenneth Roberts, *Northwest Passage*; Dan Wickenden, *The Running of the Deer*; Vaughn Wilkins, *And So—Victoria*; P. G. Wodehouse, *Summer Moonshine*.

Dr. Wilhelm Pauck Gives Lecture Series

Dr. Wilhelm Pauck, professor of Church History and Theology at the Chicago Theological Seminary, spoke to Hollins students last Wednesday and Thursday on Christianity. Dr. Pauck, born in Germany, studied at the Universities of Göttingen and Berlin, and has been associated with the Seminary since 1925. Also the author of several books, he lectures frequently, particularly to college audiences.

In his first lecture on Wednesday morning he discussed "The Search for the Good Life." He pointed out only one way of attaining "the good life"—by following religion. Man is superior to animals in that he "can decide upon the formation of his life." A so-called "drifter" ignores religion in his search for success alone, while the responsible person seeks success and in addition a "reliable position in society." For the mature person life has "meaning, direction, character, and purpose."

Wednesday evening Dr. Pauck continued by developing his ideas on "What Difference Does Christianity Make?" by presenting three ways in which it does make a difference. First, it gives men a "concrete historical frame of reference" to investigate; secondly, "a definite way of living" to test; and, thirdly, "a definite form of social living" to build up. Rather do this than let one's "frame of mind go, letting it worship what and when it wants."

"Christians in the Present Situation" was the subject of Dr. Pauck's talk Thursday morning. After knowing people of several nationalities, he finds a fundamental "sameness" in their lives, being "freed of the slavery of nature" we have become slaves to economic processes.

Dr. Pauck's delightful personality and thought-provoking ideas inspired his hearers.

Noted Newspaperman Speaks on Spanish War

Ben Ames, the Lowell Thomas of England, presented an address entitled *Europe Uncensored* on Monday, November 15, in the Laboratory Theater of Roanoke College. Mr. Ames illustrated his talk with colored films which he brought with him from the war front in Spain.

Although Mr. Ames is a native-born American, he has done distinguished work in many foreign countries and was for several years a foreign press correspondent for English newspapers. During the Italian-Ethiopian conflict, he was a well known and authoritative source of war news.

Mr. Ames has just returned from the war zone in Spain and at present is on tour giving illustrated lectures on Europe in many of the larger American cities. His lecture was enjoyable and very revealing on the subject of international relations.

Lending Library of Latest Books Organized Here

Among the titles the library has at present are: Noel Coward, *Present Indicative*; Morton Eustis, *Players at Work*; Leonard Ross, *Education of Hyman Kaplan*; Sally Salminen, *Katrina*; A. B. Stern, *Oleander River*; Ann Bridge, *Enchanter's Nightshade*; Louis Bromfield, *The Rains Came*; A. J. Cronin, *Citadel*; Clarence Day, *Life With Mother*; Jacques Duval, *Toravich*; Margaret Fishback, *One to a Customer*; Hart and Kaufman, *You Can't Take It With You*; Ernest Hemingway, *To Have and Have Not*; Michael Innes, *Hamlet, Revenge*; Kenneth Roberts, *Northwest Passage*; Dan Wickenden, *The Running of the Deer*; Vaughn Wilkins, *And So—Victoria*; P. G. Wodehouse, *Summer Moonshine*.

SOCIAL WHIRL

Did I say Hollins girls were beginning to settle down? If so, I must humbly beg your pardon because the campus was practically deserted last week-end—and such a variety of destinations! Kay Blair, Anne George and Blanche Kay went to New York where they met Paula Carrington ('40) for the week-end. And did you see the gleam in Sophie Ann Chapman's eyes as she pulled out for the metropolis also? Of course, I couldn't swear to it, but something about her expression reminded me of her trips to V. P. I. all last year. While in New York she visited her room-mate, Mildred Cole.

Mary Gray Griffin, just to be sure the Hollins girls aren't getting too Yankee-minded, went to the University of Alabama. She saw the Alabama-Georgia Tech game, which I hear was one of the best of the season. Janet Sampson and Betty Sundry are still raving about the Yale-Princeton game which they went all the way to New Haven to see.

Back to the dear old University of Virginia last week-end went the standbys: Sue Bolling, Olivia Pratt, Suzanne McCoy and Jane King Funkhouser. Emmie Waddell, Bessie West, Alice Claggett and Tillie Mayo also went to the fun at Charlottesville.

Dottie Tritle, Frances Wood and Corinne Hughes took that "long hoped for" trip home last week-end. Audrey Russert also went to Philadelphia. And Washington was practically swarmed with Hollins girls. Barbara Sandy and Alice Straus visited Ruth Evans. Marion Deisley stayed with Frances McCathran. A host of others including Jane Wagner, Peggy Christian, Ellen Leech, Cappy Evans, Marge Livingston, Anne Harris and Sally Sates.

Jane Thrower visited two former Hollins girls, Gerry Welch at Nutley, N. J., and Billy Armistead at Wayne, Pa., and reports a wonderful time. Nancy Akers visited in Greensboro, Charlotte and points south. Phyllis and Hilda Whitaker visited in Danville last week-end. Saturday they went to Durham for the Duke-Carolina game.

Harriett Martin drove with Polly and Betty Hart as far as their home at Chatham where she met her mother and drove on to Halifax, Va., her home. Kitty Lee Palmer went home to Urbana and Mary Spencer Watkins to Greensboro. Anne Brinkley surprised her family by arriving at Norfolk Friday night. Lucy Singleton also went to Norfolk.

On the week-end of the sixth, Anne McGuigan and Hardie Bell were at Annapolis for the Navy-Columbia game and hop. Brown Moore and Betty Neher deserted the Navy and went to West Point for the Army-V. M. I. game and hop on the 30th. Result? Brown is completely sold on the Army but Betty still has that Navy boxer in mind! Both girls are planning to take in the Army-Navy game, as are Cile Rosenberg, Betty Smith and Helen Walsh.

Sarah Lee Sullivan saw the National Horse Show in New York on November 6th. While there she visited Jo Doom ('40). Davidson Home Comings on the same week-end saw four Hollins girls having a wonderful time—Mary Cobb Hayward, Ruby Ratcliff, Sarah Hobb and Caroline Goggans.

In Richmond last week-end were: Bobbie Jones, visiting Nancy Peery; Agnes Cant and Elizabeth Hays, visiting Landis Winston, and Virginia Cardwell and Kathlen Cherry went home with Nancy Penn to Kingsport, Tenn. Mary Norvell Johnson and Ro Dameron went to Mary Norvell's home at Charleston, S. C. We can't imagine why but last week-end found Jeanette Ogsbury in Lexington and Beverly Dillon at Reidsville, N. C. Mary Sims went home to Charleston, W. Va.

Hockey & More Hockey

By Margaret Jones and Landis Winston.

The back of the car piled high with hockey sticks, shin guards, cleated tennis shoes, blankets, bathing suits—oh yes, and a dress or two—we left Baltimore at 11 A. M. for Hockey Camp in the Pocomos. Perusing various road maps all the while, we made splendid time for exactly ten miles of the two hundred which we had to cover. For, to our horror, the DeSoto sputtered violently, became very contrary and erratic. Instantly our vision of a hockey practice scheduled at 4 o'clock vanished and we grimly confronted an afternoon of stalling and swearing at every stop-light between Bel Air and Stroudsburg. Of course, being so occupied with coaxing our dear little DeSoto into better humor, we scarcely heeded the route and lost it several times. Finally though, we eased the DeSoto up to the main lodge of Hockey Camp. We had arrived. After paying our bill and checking in, we were met and conducted to our cabin by one of our cabin-mates with a most disheartening blue-black eye—the result, we were told most casually of an afternoon's practice. The cabin was cold and completely filled with hockey paraphernalia and snoring girls. So rather (?) miserable, we crawled into bed, not realizing that after our first work-out "crawl" would be all we were capable of.

The following morning, after eating, making our beds, and other such irrelevant details, we faced the vital problem of hockey. Very few college girls we discovered much to our surprise, were in camp during our particular week. So surrounded by prep-school geniuses, All-American and English coaches, we were initiated into stick work. And after what seemed hours of this, we lined up into teams and, much out of condition, struggled up and down the field in a game. While making such spectacles of ourselves, we had our first taste of fourteen carat English criticism. Miss Applebee, the head coach, immediately spotted our idiosyncrasies and we were known thereafter as "Straggling Hound Jones" and "Piggy Winston." English humor! After dinner we attended a demonstration lecture and indulged in a bit of folk dancing.

The next morning popped its head up very quickly and cheerfully (?). Faced once more with a program of breakfast, stick-work, lecture, game, lunch, stick-work, game, dinner and demonstration lecture we very carefully lifted our legs from the bed down to the floor, discovering in the process innumerable new muscles. But nothing could stop the hand of fate or our Hollins spirit. Again we faced the hockey field and armed with a stick and ball, we continued for seven days, ushered regularly from one form of hockey to another by the big lodge bell. Needless to say, our extra activities, such as swimming and folk-dancing were omitted after the first day. At night we were glad to simply rub elbows with the All-Americans and watch the lectures which were quite helpful as well as funny. For while the coaches were demonstrating the plays to be used the following day, each did her best to outfox the other and impress the audience.

Since all things must come to an end, however, the seventh day of our visit found us reloading the DeSoto. Our heads stuffed with new knowledge and visions of a wonderful college season ahead, we climbed in after our luggage expecting to leave with a flourish. Alas! the DeSoto being a persistent devil maker, we were pushed by various All-Americans half way down to Mt. Pocomo. On arriving home, we were asked what we had been doing for the past week. "Eating, drinking, dreaming, and playing hockey," was the somewhat abrupt reply.

Fashion Flurries

Though there is scarcely any opportunity for wearing snow clothes here at Hollins, there are some Yankees who might be interested in the new waterproof satin ski pants and jackets. Though they're of the same material as the football pants, some of the larger college teams use, they seem more appropriate, for satin would probably mix better with snow than with dust or mud. And they come in brilliant shades of red, blue, and green. You remember last spring, people were mixing colors in unheard of combinations, well, they're still doing it, using violent rather than pastel shades. It seems like a good idea to carry the bright colors of fall on into the duller months of winter.

Of course one of the chief topics of fashion now is la coiffure. Everybody's trying to be original. Page boy bobs are becoming to some people, but it rather detracts from them if every other person has one. It's like beer jackets. So many people have them that they aren't fun any more, only useful. The really fashionable thing now is to get your back hair up off your neck. It doesn't seem very practicable around college though, 'cause hair just naturally comes down. Well, maybe you can do something drastic for Christmas vacation, when there's lots of reason for fixing up the outside of your head instead of the inside.

Have you noticed the Spanish influence in evening clothes? It seems rather late to attribute it to the importance of Spain in the news, but perhaps the Spanish ideas have been contraband of war. Evening dresses showing a Chinese influence would be very lovely. Chinese blue silk with gold thread embroidery is a beautiful combination.

In line with evening dresses are the flowered handkerchiefs made of striped chiffon featured as the handkerchief of the month in *Vogue*. They're so gay and utterly useless.

Sports clothes are more to the point around here, though. And one of the cutest is a leopard vest to wear over sweaters and under coats. Fur jackets are coming to the front again and leopard is a favorite skin.

From an interview with *Marshall Field Magazine* comes these two admissions by Lucien Lelong, Paris designer:

What word or phrase do you think best describes this season's fashions? Variety.

What does a Frenchman notice particularly about a woman's costume?

A woman's costume should create an illusion of perfection and he so well coordinated that a man will not notice any particular item.

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Cargoes Will Revise Its Editorial Policy

The editorial staff of *Cargoes* is inaugurating a new system of editorials with the next issue of the magazine which will be published on December 15th. The plan at present is for a faculty member to write an editorial for each issue on some campus question and then have a student reply in the same issue. The editorial for the next number will be written by Miss Susie Blair of the Hollins dramatic department and Elizabeth Street will write a reply.

The staff hopes that the student body will use the pages of *Cargoes* to express their ideas and opinions. Contributions for this department may be left in the *Cargoes* office, 305 Presser, or handed to Louie Brown Michaels, the editor. These letters may be on any subject and need not be signed.

Another feature of the coming issue will be the Freshman Department. An editorial by Shirley Henn, some poetry, some sketches written in freshman composition classes, and perhaps a story will be included. If the number and quality of the contributions merit it, this department will be made a permanent feature.

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Dr. Rathborne Publishes Book on "Fairie Queene"

The Meaning of Spenser's *Fairyland* by Dr. Isabel E. Rathborne of the Hollins English department was published this month by the Columbia University Press. Dr. Rathborne is an assistant professor of English and came to Hollins the first of this session.

Dr. Rathborne began her study of Spenser's fairy mythology because she felt that such a study would make clearer the meaning of the *Fairie Queene*. Although the book deals mainly with Spenser's "fable" or "historical fiction" and only secondarily with its allegory, Miss Rathborne does not believe the two can be separated. For, she contends, a closer study of the fable must lead to a clearer understanding of its meaning.

Dr. Rathborne finds the probable source of Spenser's fairy mythology not in medieval romance alone as other students have found it, but also in the allegorical poetry of Spenser's predecessors and the mythology of Greece and Rome.

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Egyptian Expedition Victory for Students

Senior stunts were hilariously received in the Little Theater on Saturday, November 6. This presentation called *So You're Going to Egypt* was the gay adventure of a group of faculty and students on an Egyptian tour in search of the mummy of Ramest II. The skit ended happily with the discovery of the famous mummy.

In spite of the frequent use of this idea, the faculty take-off was interesting because of the vivid characterizations and the accurate portrayal of the idiosyncrasies of the faculty. Garber, for example, as Miss McArthur, fooled even the members of the cast at first, while Bobby Jones' interpretation of Miss Scott called for a private game of tag in the dining room Monday with Bobby being "it." As Mr. Dowell, Ogsbury tripped gracefully on the stage and afterwards sprawled in front of the theater to avoid the real Mr. Dowell. Well done also was Adelaide Smith's role as Dr. Janney (especially in imitating those gestures which since Tinker day have been noticeably lacking). All the parts, indeed, were well played. The seniors are to be congratulated on their acting and writing.

Salzburg Guild Will Present Comic Opera

The Salzburg Opera Guild will present Mozart's comic opera *Così Fan Tutte*, at the Academy of Music in Roanoke, November 24.

The company recently completed a four months' rehearsal period at Schloss Mondsee on the outskirts of Salzburg, a huge, historically famous structure where Napoleon once lived, where the members lived and worked with the aim of achieving harmonious ensemble in the productions.

The singing personnel is drawn from many European countries. One of the leading sopranos is Mariso Merlo who has appeared in opera at La Scala and the state operas of Munich and Berlin. The first contralto is Hertha Glatz, formerly of the Staatsoper in Breslau and well-known European concert singer.

"According to Toscanini, the Austrian company's brilliant success in the Salzburg festival was due to a fusion of fine acting and modern arts of the theatre with beautiful old music and enslaved by the star system. They produced a vital and novel kind of art, which united great music with great acting, stagecraft, costuming, and design."

Outing Club Promises Food, Fun, Excitement

On Saturday, November 27, the Outing Club of the College is sponsoring a scavenger hunt for the girls who are lucky enough to be staying on campus. Plans for the event are already progressing under the guidance of Kitty Lee Palmer who is chairman of the club.

For those who have already experienced the thrills of a scavenger hunt, there is promise of more fun than ever before; and for those who have never had the pleasure of this variety of entertainment, there are untold surprises in store. The limits of the hunt are to be the boundaries of the campus.

After each one has brought in her designated objects with the pride which comes from a sense of great accomplishment, there will be a comparison of lists, and the fortunate person who arrives at the meeting place first with the correct objects will be rewarded. However, the disappointment of the remainder of the group will be lessened to a considerable extent by the appearance of refreshments.

Food, fun and excitement promise to be in the air, so reserve November 27th right now.

Under the Dome

It was with great sorrow that we learned last Sunday of the death of JoJo Canada. Since his arrival here on campus last year, he has been a constant delight to the general student body, and a constant despair to the art students whose valuable equipment, such as art erasers, suddenly just weren't. Defying all principles of man, JoJo had found them edible. With such a nose for scenting down trouble, he slid into the column time and again to such an extent that the Canadays called our last issue incomplete, and, on investigation, we were answered with, "Why, there's nothing about JoJo. I believe this is the first time he has missed an issue." We believe it is. Apologies JoJo.

Speaking of the changing Hollins! We never thought we could reach the point where students didn't know the faculty, but apparently we have gotten to such a place. Two sophomores, mind you, sitting behind us at the Heifetz concert were audibly worried about "that poor man who turned pages. Do you suppose he has to make his living that way? Poor man!" Yes, Mr. Bolger, believe it or not.

And of course you've all been subjected to that sample of upperclass wit—"Live alone and Heifetz."

Senior stunts brought up a covey of stories and remarks, but our favorite was one which happened not in front of the curtain, but behind scenes. Exhausted and worn out from trying to make boards stick together, the staging committee ran to their favorite, Mr. Ferris, and pleaded with him to please help them make a bar for the stunt. But he just shook his head and said, "I ain't never been in one of those places so I ain't never seen one." Is it possible?

From beneath stacks of writtens and papers and hour exams, we should like to emerge long enough to say that, judging from the results, we proclaim ourselves as "God's gift to the grade curve."

We hate to tell things on the faculty like this, but as in senior stunts, we know that they don't mind, 'cause the news wouldn't have come to us if they weren't telling it on themselves. This one was really too good to miss. Mrs. Patterson, on going to the pantry the other afternoon, found a great dead rat lying in a dark corner. Horrified, she swatted it one with a broom to be sure it would scamper no more, and then rushed to Pat (yes, Rebecca) to come and take it away. Dr. Patterson dropped all work and rushed up, expecting a specimen for his lab. . . . and imagine his surprise on finding a large, errant sweet potato!

After a particularly bad beating in tennis a few Thursdays ago, Hudge quickly rose to the occasion with "Well, no wonder I got cleaned—today's wash-day."

It all took place in Dr. William's American Architecture class—a grand place to learn about our home town. When Dr. Williams flashed a picture of the Virginia State Capitol on the screen, an audible whisper was heard over the whole room, "I think I've seen that somewhere before." It was none other than the Governor's daughter—Nancy Letitia, herself. Of course this happened last year. . . .

But we get 'em sooner or later.

—The Seal.

Alumnae News

1935

The marriage of Kitty Ruth to Mr. Charles Gunar Homberg III, was the occasion of a great Hollins reunion. Ann Bates was maid of honor, and Polly Trapnell, Libby Norsworthy, Janet Beveridge, Dorothy Hunt Williams, and Mary Anna Nettleton Kershaw were there to see that everything was right.

They say that Jean Sayford is teaching in the Ellis School in Pittsburgh. She moves very fast these days, it seems. They tell the story that she decided to go to Europe, got her reservation, and sailed, all within twenty-four hours. She dashed madly around England for a month, came home on a fast boat in a hurricane, literally, and caught the train for Pittsburgh within two hours of setting foot back on this soil!

1936

Katie Lavinder is to be married on Saturday, November 20th. Her marriage promises to be the signal for a '36 reunion in Bristol.

1937

Cards from the Acropolis have been coming in signed, Marion Bankson. She and "B.B." Woodford are in Egypt by this time.

Betty Allabough has announced her engagement to Mr. Harold S. Ford.

Jane Duke and Marguerite Moncreur are taking secretarial courses at the Pan American School in Richmond.

1938

The Newton twins announced their engagements simultaneously at a party in their home in San Antonio on July 27. Ethel is to marry Mr. Harry Affleck, and Iva is to marry Dr. Daniel Lane Altgelt.

1939

Caroline Stephens would love to get a lot of Hollins mail while she is junior-yearing in France. Her address is Chez Madame de l'Estant, 24, rue de Traversine, Tour, France.

Claire Montgomery was married on September 22nd, to Lieutenant James Pritchard. Claire's new address will be Fort Knox, Kentucky.

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Songs and Reading Heard on Hollins Program

Harriett Holland and Louise Glenn were heard on the Hollins radio program November 15. Miss Holland who is a senior, sang four songs, accompanied by Catherine Wright and Miss Glenn, a freshman, read a portion of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*.

Miss Holland's program consisted of "O Mistress Mine," by Quilter; "Fairy Tales," by Eric Wolff; "Nightingale Lane," by Alice Barnett and "The Last Hour," by Walter Kramer. Miss Holland is from Jackson, Tenn., and is a music major.

Miss Glenn who is from Roanoke, is known for her part in the freshman plays. She was outstanding in her role as the mother in *The China Pig*. Miss Glenn read Act V, Scene II, from *The Merchant of Venice* wherein a dialogue takes place between Portia and Nerissa. She has been heard over station WDBJ several times.

Senior Forum Discusses Endowment and Publicity

Continued from Page 1
public to know about Hollins and to understand what sort of a college it is. Hollins alumnae, in addition, find it valuable when looking for a job to have their college known and the worth of their degree recognized. Publicity, Mrs. Reeves concluded, can make a definite and important contribution to the life and growth of Hollins.

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